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## THE INNESS EXHIBITION.

THE Exhibition of the works of Mr. George Inness, of this city, deserves more than a passing mention, and only lack of space prevents an extended notice of one of the most interesting collections of pictures ever exhibited in this city. The "Niagara Falls" and the "Mount Washington," both finished this year, and which have been written upon and talked about probably more than any other two pictures painted this season, are alone worth a pilgrimage to see and study. It would be hazardous to begin a consideration of the smaller paintings, for once beginning, limitations of time and space too easily could be forgotten. Those who love Nature, and who love Art because of its very aim to interpret Nature and reveal the spirit breathing through the beauties of tree and cloud and landscape,—who seek for God's revelations in His works, and who literally find "sermons in stones," and "books in the running brooks," may here find many a sermon and many a poem wrought out of the impressions of one who has dwelt with Nature for many years, who has entered into her household and has been received as an honored guest; who has communed with her in her many changing moods, yet to whom she has never been unkind,—but whom, rather, she has taken by the hand and led to the temple wherein are concealed her hoarded secrets, many of which to him she has whispered lovingly, revealing herself in such splendor as it is granted to few to look upon, and to very few to look upon and be able to describe in language that does not pale before the image,—in language whose strength and eloquence are equal to the conception it must clothe.

## MR. PAGE'S PORTRAIT OF HIRAM POWERS.

AT the Academy of Design, a few days ago, the writer found Mr. Seymour J. Guy absorbed in the contemplation of William Page's portrait of Hiram Powers. After several moments of silence, the artist turned and remarked:

"What a magnificent bit of work that is! Painted, as I understand, about thirty years ago, it represents Page's work when he was at his best,—during his 'middle period' we might say. And though the canvas is cracked and seamed and discolored in places, after I look at it awhile, the blemishes—which are mainly the fault of time—all pass away; I do not see them; I feel as if I were looking at a real person! It seems that there must be a human soul in that picture; and some of Page's soul and a great deal of his genius is in it certainly. How feeble it makes a great deal of the portraiture of the day appear! There are not many men who could do what Page has done in this.

"Have you really *seen* this picture? Note the pose, how exceedingly easy and natural! We feel that the sculptor has just returned from a walk; his hat is held over a walking stick underneath. His gaze is not directed towards the spectator; he appears to be looking critically at some object before him which has just arrested his attention. The head is a masterpiece of painting, and when I look at

it, I cannot help recalling Haydon's criticism of Titian's painting, which it seems to me might apply to this. 'To Titian, and to him alone,' says Haydon, 'you must turn for the perfection of execution, *stopping at the exact point, and conveying the impression of the object so predominantly that the execution is lost in the effect.*'

"Parts of this picture, however, seem to have been retouched in recent years, and this, to me mars the effect somewhat. I notice this particularly in the hands and in the collar where there is considerable discoloration. The coat also bears marks of discoloration, but the head, which is, after all, the picture, stands out as nobly as the day it was painted. The expression is peculiarly happy, and I think the painting must portray Powers in his best character.

"One cannot see this picture at a glance; it must be studied to be appreciated,—but one with true art feeling who seriously considers it, must feel that it is a work of no common merit. The picture has been criticised by many, I know, but let any one of those who have criticised it undertake to reproduce gradations of color and light and shade by such imperceptible means as are here employed, and he will soon be ready to appreciate the success of this picture by Page."

## GEORGE FULLER.

GEORGE FULLER, A. N. A., of Boston, who died March 21, was one of the painters whose works will long survive the artist. George Fuller was born at Deerfield, Mass., in 1822. When twenty years of age, he began drawing and modeling from casts in the studio of H. K. Brown, at Albany, N. Y., and during the few months he studied, made great advancement. After spending several years in portrait painting in various country towns, during which, as opportunity offered, he studied the works of Stuart, Allston and Copley, Mr. Fuller came to New York, where he remained twelve years, being elected an Associate of the National Academy in 1857. In 1859 he went to Europe and spent nearly a year in visiting the most noteworthy collections there. After his return to America, the artist retired to his farm in Deerfield, Mass. (where he died), and devoted his time to diligent study. He did not come before the public again until 1876, when he opened a studio in Boston and soon obtained wide recognition for his work. In 1881, Mr. Fuller contributed to the National Academy "Winnifred Dysart," one of the first of those dreamy, poetic pictures, full of twilight haze, for which he afterward became so noted, and one of the most satisfactory of them all. An illustration of the picture, reproduced from a drawing by Mr. Fuller, appears in *Academy Notes* for that year, and fairly indicates the character of the work in all but its richness in color. The same year he exhibited with the Society of American Artists, "A Reminiscence of Sicily." In 1882 and 1883, Mr. Fuller was not represented at the Academy, but contributed "Evening,—Lorette" and "Priscilla Fauntleroy" to the American Artists' Exhibition of 1882, and "Nydia" to the same Society's exhibition last year. The last mentioned picture, while attracting